RED CLOUD.

The Experiences of Dr. V. T. McGillieuddy.

IDEAS OF AN INDIAN AGENT.

A Good Word for the Savage Tribes.

OMAHA, Feb. 11, 1879. The change of agents at the most important Indian agency on the continent, that of Red Cloud, in the present feverish state of feeling among these Indians, tary department by army officers and civilians. Dr. Irwin was believed here to be an entirely capable and honest agent, an exceptionally good man for the position, and the army attributes largely to him the improved condition of affairs at this agency. At a time a change of agents has been generally regarded as a dangerous experiment. At the same time V. T. McGillicuddy, the new agent, is said by good men who have been associated with him for years to be a clear-headed, determined man, of considerable experience with the Indians, and who has many friends among the Red Cloud band, with whom as an army surgeon he has been stationed. Dr. and Mrs. Mccillicuddy are now in this city, and the Herald correspondent called upon him and obtained the following interview, finding the Doctor a man of about thirty-five years and a fluent talker :-CORRESPONDENT-What has been your experience,

Doctor, with the Indians?

Dr. McGillicuppy-My entire experience on the frontier is not what you can call extended, dating back only to the spring of 1874, when I came out with the expedition to locate the boundary line be_ tween Montana and British America, passing through the country where Sitting Bull now is. During that year, and more particularly since that time, circumstances have brought me a great deal in direct con tact with the Indians, among whom I have found many triends as sincere as a man ever finds. I believe I know something of the needs of the Indian, of his nature, of the wrongs which he has suffered and of the difficulties which stand in the way of the agent. I have taken a deep interest in the subject and have much sympathy for the Indian or I should not have accepted this appointment. CORRESPONDENT-You attended Crazy Horse after

he was shot, I am told? Dr. McGillicuppy-I was with the old chief when he died, and had a valuable experience with his band. My experience, in brief, to complete my answer to ir first question, was that in the winter following that survey of the mountain line I went to Washing ton and made up my report. The next spring (1875) I was sent out by the Indian Bureau in charge of the topographical portion of Jenny's Black Hills survey. In the spring of 1876 I accompanied General Crook' Big Horn expedition against Sitting Bull. Returning that fall I was at Camp Robinson and was physician to the Red Cloud Indians in addition to duty as medical officer to the mili-tary. Then I attended the Crazy Horse When Red Cloud was removed in the fall

tary. Then I attended the Crazy Horse Indians. When Red Cloud was removed in the fall of 1877 I was ordered with the troops to attend the Red Cloud indians. I remained with them on the Missouri River until they returned to their present focation. This winter I accompanied Companies E and L of the Third cavalry trom Red Cloud Post, on the Missouri, leaving there January 5, 1879. On the return & Camp Robinson I threw up my position as a surgeon and proceeded to Washington, where I was appointed agent. There was no political or Church inducace in the appointment.

Commessonorn—Why did Dr. Irwin resign?

Dr. McGillicuddy—Some differences between him and the bureau was the cause, I believe.

Commessonorn—What is the condition of affairs at the agency?

Dr. McGillicuddy—Matters are all in a satisfactory shape, so far as I know, and the Indians are very peaceably disposed. If they had been otherwise they would not have furnished the army with scouts against the Cheyennes. Moreover, I think Dr. Irwin a square and honest man in every respect, and think him earnest in his endeavors to civilize the Indians. The Red Cloud band is in good condition, and with fair and honest treatment will continue so.

THEORIES AND REPORMS.

Commespondent—I suppose you have theories of your own in regard to Indian management and some reforms you would like to languarate?

Dr. McGillicuddy—Oh, yes; I am no exception to Indian agents generally in this regard. I am anxious to benefit the Indians in every way possible. I have learned in my experience with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with them that a physician can have more influence with the Red Cloud Indians in so far gaining in several cases of confinement, which they will not allow even their medicine men to do. The saiutary effects of proper medical treatment in these cases did much to give me their friendship. I opened a hospital for their sick. At first I could only obtain three inmates, the Indians having a strong prejudice against it. The number increased, however, to upward of two hundred per month, treated inside and outside. I shall pursue the same course and give them the benefit of a medical practice which was largely obtained in hospital work. I believe I can soon have a successful hospital work. I believe I can soon have a successful hospital in operation, with nurses from their own number. Of course there are many difficulties in inaugurating even reforms which are founded upon their own peculiar natures. I am well aware of the magnitude of the duties which will devolve upon the agent at Red Cloud. I rely a great deal, however, upon my honest purpose to benefit them, added to my knowledge of their character. You know the Indians give the physician a title which means "holy man" or "miraculous man," and hold him in even higher esteem than their own medicine men. My wife accompanies me. She is as well acquainted with these Indians as myself, and has made great efforts to benefit them. They hold her in high esteem, and her ability to assist me in my undertaking had much to do with my accepting the agency. She is an oid campaigner in the long rides and hardships of the fronter, and can endure as much as myself.

Countesconcent—Wat, in your opinion, are the most serious obstacles the agent has to contend with?

The WHITE HORSE THEVES.

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THE WHITH HOUSE THIEVES.

Dr. McGILLUUDIY—There are many. One fruitful source of trouble in the past has been the depredations of white outlaws, particularly the horse thieves. There is the greatest difficulty in executing the laws on a reservation. The agent is a little king, but his power has some serious limitations. The law makes it necessary for him to obtain a warrant from the nearest legally constituted authority before he can make an arcest. The nearest authority to the present agency is at Yankton, about three hundred miles distant. The agent has the power to drive a law breaker from the reservation, but he may at any tame return, and the only remedy is to drive him from the agency again or procure a warrant for his arrest by sending three hundred miles, and when the officer arrives with the warrant the evil doer may have left the reservation. Under the posse comitatus law even the military have no authority against violators of the civil law further than to drive them from an Indian or military reservation. The "squaw men," who go and come as they please, in spite of the agent, are, many of them, outlaws of the worst kind, driven from civilized communities, and whorlake up with life in the Indian reservations. They are constantly breaking the laws in various ways. In the face of all this it is expected that the uncivilized red man should exercise greater magnanimity than would a white man under the same circumstances. They are expected to obey a law which protects the stock their from the reservation and overtook and ratance. Young-Man-Atrasid-of-Ris-Horses pursued a stock thief from the reservation and overtook and ratanced and delivered him up. Not being then agent is said to the Indian, "Why don't you shoot those follows when you find them? His expression of actions him and the cheek, the affair occurring at Camp Ro

Dr. Scollagethy—he would early the whole army and deviactate the frontier in a manner never known before. Red Cloud could go from his reservation to Texas with his whole band much more easily than the Cheyennes made their great march. He would mark his route by the marder of hundreds of settlers and the theft of innumerable horses and cattle.

With the Indian adroitness of following a trail the settlers and their families over a wide stretch of country would be doomed. It would be a tragedy without any parallel—of that I am satisfied. The Indians have acquired great confidence in themselves, and while they know that as long as they remain in the United States, now that the game has largely disappeared, they must be fed by the government, still the success of the little body of Cheyennes in their march and of Sitting Bull has had a demoralizing effect on them. If they are not fairly treated and truthfully dealt with they are certain to go to war. The Indian, too, knows much more than he gets credit for. When we deal with him as we would deal with the barbarons and ignorant black tribes of Africa we make a great mistake. He is shrewd, subtle, and often far-sighted. In his own country he can have no equals in strategem. The only way to follow and capture an escaped band of Indians is by the use of Indian scotts. Otherwise it is under ordinary circumstances an impossibility.

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CIVILIZING THE SIOUX.

CORRESPONDENT—What is your idea of the capacity of the Sioux Indian for civilization?

Da. McGillatcuppy—I don't think there is much hope of making good farmers of them until they have reached a much more advanced stage than at present. If we study the history of savage tribes we find that they pass from the blanket state first into the pastoral and then to the agricultural, a state which demands hard manual labor. It is not natural that a blanket Indian shou doe transformed into a laboring farmer. He may for a year or two plough and reap and do considerable work from the mere novelty of it, but let his crops be once destroyed by drought or grasshoppers and he will never till the soil again. It will be much easier to accustom the Sioux (or other blanket Indians) to a pastoral life, where they can own herds and docks and have the same pride of ownership which now attaches to their ponies, than to attempt to educate them at once into an agricultural life. Even if that were possible there is another thing in the way which would be almost certain under present circumstances to render it impossible to make them self-supporting as farmers. In the first place the whites have taken from the Indians all the land in localities where they will consent to live that is capable of cultivation, and at this late day the whites are thinking of making a nation of 6,000 Indians self-supporting in a country that 6,000 first class American farmers would starve in if forced to support themselves by agriculture. The Red Cloud Indians have given up the only portion of their reservation that was ever fit for agriculture, but they are exceptional. The Indians take to herding naturally, and it will be my aim to get the government to issue large quantiti

Rind. But you cannot expect more forbearance or less retaliation from an Indian than a white man, and yet the settlers in the West and many of the people in the East do not seem to think an Indian should resent anything.

I want to say a word more about this stock stealing, which has come so near to driving the Indians to the warpath. The stealing of stock by the Indians from the Nebraska ranches was only a measure of retaliation for the insumerable thefts from the Indians, which have reduced their once strong herd to a mere remnant. The buying of stoken Indian ponies in open market by leading stockmen has been habitual, and it was perfectly natural in return for the Indian to steal the first white man's horses he came across. In 1876, when I was at Red Cloud, the notorious "Dunk" Blackburn and his crowd stole and ran off herds of Indian ponies, to the number of from fifty to one hundred, and took them by night up to the city of Deadwood, where they were openly anctioned off to the Black Hillers, who bought them, knowing that they were stolen. It is not to be wondered at that the Red Cloud Indians have not always been in a friendly mood. In February, 1877, when Deadwood was threatened by the Indians, three companies of cavalry were ordered there for its protection. I accompanied them. We had not been there more than a week when some of the Black Hillers had actually stolen twenty-three head of our mules, knowing that they were swernment mules and that we had been ordered there for their protection.

SHOULD THE ARMY HAVE CHARGE?

ORRESPONDENT—When do you assume charge?

Dr. McGillicupdy—I shall arrive at the agency and assume control of it about March 1, perhaps a little before that time.

Commessondent—I suppose, of course, you do not think the Indian Bureau should be transferred to the War Department?

Dr. McGillicupdy—I think with the treatment which the Indian has received under some administrations he would have been better off with the Secretary of the Isterior and his appointees.

Commessondent—I don't th

CARD FROM CUSTER'S HISTORIAN.

Captain Frederick Whittaker sends the following ard to the Chicago Times of February 12 in regard to the Reno case:-

With the exception of the brief statement into which I was led by your accomplished renorter

to the Reno case:—

With the exception of the brief statement into which I was led by your accomplished reporter some two weeks ago, the people of Chicago may have observed that I have not hitherto attempted to comment on the progress of the evidence in the Reno court of inquiry, though that inquiry was called forth by my own letter to Congress last spring. Owing to the precautions of Major Reno's counsel, and the orders under which the Court was setting. I was barred out from my rightful position of accuser or prosecutor in the inquiry, on the narrowest technical grounds. I, therefore, had no opportunity to say one word in Custer's or my own behalf in court, and was obliged to remain a silent and powerless spectator of events in which I had so keen an interest.

Now that the trial is over, and that Reno and the Recorder have said their say, it becomes my duty, as the biographer of the late General Custer, to speak, if only for a moment, and put the position of Custer as well as my own in its proper light, to prevent future misunderstandings.

I came to Chicago for two purposes—to vindicate Custer as soldier and myseif as a man of truth. The character of Reno was a mere incident in which I had no special interest, though this trial and the court-martial of 1877 in the case of Bell against Reno have revealed it pretty fully. As far as Reno is concerned, if the army can endure him, after the double exposures of 1877 and 1879, I am sure I can, for I am not obliged to associate with him. Therefore let him pass down to history as these trials show him. In the aspect of the case represented by me, however, the evidence adduced before this Court shows all that I could desire. Before the date of this inquiry Custer stood charged before the country with two military crimes—rashness and disobedience as properly of the subordinates. Hereafter any man who accuses Custer of bringing on his own fate of subordinates are the propel of the United States it shall be met and refuted at no distant date, before Congress.

A PARRICI

A PARRICIDE SENTENCED.

Martin Coleman, the young man who four weeks igo, in the course of a quarrel with his father in Newark, N. J., stabbed his parent in the arm, inflicting a wound which resulted in death, was called wound which resulted in death, was called up for sentence before Judge Depue yesterday, he having pleaded guilty. Coleman's counsel made a strong appeal for mercy, setting forth in extennation of the young man's awful crime the fact that his father had begun the quarrel, and that the prisoner had no intention of doing his father injury, as shown by his not stabbing him in a part considered vital. On account of the youth and repontance of the culprit, and of his having conveyed to his mother his snare of his father's property, the Court reduced the penalty of the crime one-half and sentenced him to five years' hard labor in the State Prison.

CHARGED WITH FORGERY.

Detective Slevin yesterday brought to Jefferson Market Court Dr. Edward F. Blanchfield, of No. 142 East Thirty-second street, who was charged by Emanuel Finsterer, tailor, of No. 755 Broadway, with Emanuel Finsterer, tailor, of No. 755 Broadway, with having put in circulation forged checks. The tailor in his compiaint says that on the 12th inst. Bianchfield went to his store and bought a cheap pair of pantaloons, tendering in payment therefor a check for \$21 60, drawn on the National Park Bank by Richard S. Rancy, and payable to E. F. BianchBeid; that he took out the price of the pantaloons and gave Bianchfield the balance in cash; that when he presented the check at the bank it was returned to him as worthless, with the information that Kaney had no account there. Bianchfield was committed in default of \$1,000 bail to answer.

ECCENTRIC BACHELOR WELLS.

The Alleged Lunatic Talking Very Like a Sane Man.

LEGAL BADGERING.

A Witness Who Thinks the Old Man a Victim of Senile Dementia.

A sad and in some respects a sickening scene was presented in the Supreme Court room in Brooklyn esterday morning, when old Mr. Jonathan T. Wells was brought in and put upon the stand for the purthe wreck of a once active and enterprising brain. In the great spaces of the court room crowded a vast audience of all sorts of men and women. Every seat was occupied and scores of men stood where there were no chairs. All the cousins were present, scowling at one another and regarding Cousin George Sib ley with especial virulence. The entire Ruckle house hold put in an early appearance.

THE ALLEGED LUNATIC. When Cousin George called Mr. Wells to the stand every eye turned to take the old man in, and a unique picture he presented. His tall head, thinly thatched with silver hair, narrows in the front; his eyes are small, sharp, piercing and near together; his nose is long and straight; his lips thin and bloodless and his teeth broken. His collar and shirt were soiled, his cravat was badly tied, the bow being over the collar: his vest and cost and trousers were aded and soiled, and on his wrinkled wrists were bands of red worsted. Although an "alleged luna tic," the commission treated him precisely as they did the other witnesses, and administered to him th oath rapidly and perfunctorily, assuming, apparently, that the "lunatic" understood the import of the solemn proceeding.

UNDER FIRE.

From ten o'clock until late in the afternoon, without rest, intermission or relief, the old man, born in 1800, feeble in body and unaccustomed to strangers, was pushed, pressed, tripped and badgered by all sorts of questions on every conceivable topic by a relative lawyer, who had the advantage of a carefully prepared brief from which to "go for him." was painfully evident that much of the matter was caviare to the witness. He remembered clearly when and where he was born, and recalled some of his early days, but when he was quickly questioned as to property values, the nature of legal documents, the age of his mother, his property in Michigan, the streets that lead to the several New York ferries, the price of Terra Haute and Evansville bonds, the name of the persecuting second cousin, the location of his bank, the names of his counsel and the official designation of the three gentlemen who sat near him on the bench, he actually hesitated, stammered, occasionally contradicted himself, set the court room in a roar by testifying that his mother was nearly eighty years of age, while he is in his seventy-pinth.

WELLS AND COUSIN GEORGE. In an interview with the HERALD reporter som days since Mr. Sibley, who is a second cousin and acts for the complainants, "regretfully and without compensation," but very persistently, giving weeks to the case, said that Mr. Wells always called him

to the case, said that Mr. Wells always called him "George." Yesterday Mr. Wells sat within ten feet of Mr. Sibley, who questioned him as follows:—
"Do you know Mr. George Sibley?"
"It have heard the name frequently."
"Do you see him in court?"
"No, sir; I do not."
"Do you know me?"
"It really can't give your surname."
It was at times difficult to determine whether Mr. Wells, who evidently has a keen eye for the ridiculous, was chaffing the relentless lawyer or was really deficient in memory. This was especially noticeable when the counsel pressed him sor a schedule of his property, and subsequently when he endeavored, as Miss Ruckle and all the Ruckle boarders did before him, to ascertain about the now famous trip to Albany.

A SINGULAR CHAPPING SCENE.

Q. What property have you, Mr. Wells? A. A great deal. deal.

Q. Well, what and where? A. I can hardly tell; I don't know where to begin; I own property in the Ninth ward, between Washington and Greenwich attracts.

Ninth ward, between the New York and Streets.

Q. Any stocks? A. Yes, stocks in the New York and New Haven road; I should say seventy-four shares, worth \$160 each.

Q. What else? A. Oh, I don't know; I have a great deal—some good, some bad; I can't tell you defi-

long it was evident that this was what one of the jurors aptly termed the "nigger in the fence." It is part of the plan of the cousins, and possibly the aunts, to show that Mr. Wells has been in the hands of his lawyers, to whom he has given a power of attorney, and some legally binding document that takes the place of a birl of sale. The discussion between the opposing counsel grew very hot, and after much time was wasted Commissioner Ward directed the old gentleman to answer, which he did at once and with remarkable intelligence.

Mr. Sibley made it evident that Mr. Wells' eye for faces was not quick, for he not only failed to recognize his own dear cousins, who began the lunacy proceedings against him, but mistook a member of the junior Bar for one of that much abused class—the plumbers.

"Who is this gentlemen?" asked Mr. Sibley.

The witness shaded his eyes for a moment and then said, "Probably another relative. I don't know." At this there was such a popular laugh as to compet the commission to frown and threaten to clear the room.

om.
'And who is this?' continued Mr. Sibley, pointing

room.

"And who is this?" continued Mr. Sibley, pointing to Mr. Kent, one of the alleged lunatic's counsel.

"That," said Mr. Wells, "that's Frederick Taft. I haven't seen him in some time. But that's his name, as near as I can get it."

"What's his business?"

"He's a plumber," replied the old man, and the answer literally upset the gravity of every cousin in the assemblage, for it was paintully evident that at last his second cousin had touched upon a weak point in the rich man's mental harness.

SOME EXPERT BADGERING.

Mr. Sibley protested much that he had no desire to contuse his second cousin Jonathan, but simply desired to test his memory, and then proceeded in the following fashion:—

Q. Who lives on your East Hartford farm? A. My mother and the rest of the family.

Q. Your mother; is she living? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How old is she? A. About eighty years.

Q. And how old are you? A. I was born in 1800—am in my seventy-ninth year.

Q. Had was her name? A. Perley Taft was her maiden name.

Q. Have you any brothers or sisters? A. No, sir; I had two sisters and three brothers, but they are passed away and gone. None of us was ever married.

Q. Have you ever been to Albany? A. Yes; once last spring, I went up and b ck on business and stopped at a hall corner of Pearl and Norfolk streets.

Q. Did you get your breakfast there? A. No.

Q. Who is this lady near me? A. Another relation I suppose. (Great laughter.)

Q. What streets de you pass through when you go to the ferry? A. I can't recall them; there are so many of them.

Q. Where do you live? A. Hin, well really it's a taken of the point of the street and the street is the street of the street is the street in the street is the stre many of them.

Q. Where do you live? A. H'm, well really it's strange I can't recall the street where I have lived

many of them.

Q. Where do you live? A. H'm, well really it's strange I can't recall the street where I have lived so many years.

Q. How many? A. Seven or eight.

Q. Not more? A. No, sir, not in this house; it's ten years since I left the old place.

Mr. Sibley continued at great length, going from flower to flower, like a bee searching for the honey of dementia, but confining himself mainly to a recurrent examination of the ground already covered. Mr. Wells do not seem fatigued, and in answer to the Commissioners said he was mentally fresh and preparei to be cross-examined. His counsel thought it best not to prolong the inquisition, and he was directed to step down. He did so, aided by an officer, who conducted him to a chair behind the rail. There the venerable "lunatic" sat during the glib testimony of the next and last witness, a professional witness, an expert in insanity controversies.

A STRANGE STATEMENT.

From the evidence of Dr. Correy, who styles himself an expert in insanity, it appeared that he has attended court since last Wednestay, voluntarily and without compensation; that he put his arm on his chair, took hold of his hand, and, although an entire stranger, lelt of his pulse, and that he has no doubt whatever of his insanity—that is, the inability to take care of himself or manage his affairs.

Q. Have you seen Mr. Wells elsewhere? A. Yes, in his own house last evening; I was there forty-five minutes and talked with him about bills, powers of attorney, the value of stocks, his own affairs, his lawyers, property and these proceedings.

"Were you asked to call by him?" said Mr, Marsh.

No; Mr. Sibley asked me to go."

"Were you asked to call by him?" said Mr, Marsh.

No; Mr. Sibley asked me to go."

"Were you have a facely mentally and wash him bed?"

"Yes; he had been asleep?"

"Did Miss Ruckle go up and wake him out of his early night's sleep that you might follow and talk with him on this extended area of questions?"

"Yes, sir; and he was mentally invigorated."
"You talked on all these subjects before you told nim who you were?"
"No: I told him ten minutes before I left?"
"Then you did the bulk of your talk on all these ubjects in ten minutes?"

A Yes.

A. Yes.

Mr. Marsh developed that Mr. Correy was in court as a volunteer: that he expected no pay, although he had given all this time to the case. Mr. Correy insisted that Mr. Wells is suffering from sentle dementia, is irrational, of unsound mind and incapable of taking proper care of himself and his business affairs.

ness affairs.

The long and interesting discussion was closed and the case of the complainant rested. Thereupon an adjournment was had until to-morrow at two P. M., and Mr. Wells started homeward, followed, as usual, by a large and mothey though respectful crowd.

THE FIFTH AVENUE GARROTING. MRS. DE BARY'S ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR-

"ALL OVER IN A MINUTE."

Mrs. De Bary is still suffering at her residence, No. 15 West Fifty-second street, from the daring outrage perpetrated by a highway robber in Fifth avenue on Friday afternoon. She has, however, improved since the evening previous, but is less disposed to She said that in company with her friend Miss Swan she had left her home to take her customary promenade for the benefit of her health. They had proceeded as far as Fortieth street, and at that point

turned and retraced their steps in the direction of Mrs. De Bary's residence. They then noticed for the first time that a young man was keeping close to them and acting strangely. As there were several pedestrians in the immediate vicinity neither of the ladies felt alarmed. At Fortythird street, however, Mrs. De Bary felt a heavy hand on her shoulder. Before she had time to call for protection a sudden movement of the man's muscular arm threw her head back and her earrings were seized. Her assailant instantly fled eastward across Fifth avenue, pursued by a number

carrings were seized. Her assailant instantly fled castward across Fifth avenue, pursued by a number of people who had witnessed the outrage. The thief made good his escape around the Forty-second street entrance of the Grand Central Depot. "It is a mystery to me," said Mrs. De Bary, "why I should have been singled out as the man's victim among the hundreds of ladies on the avenue much more handsomely dressed. I had heard that the criminal classes were becoming unusually desperate, but did not think it possible that such an audacious highwayman could be found in Fifth avenue, much less that he would attempt such an outrage in broad daylight and within reach of a number of people. I thought that my ears were being torn off, and felt a severe pain in my shoulder from the rough way the robber clutched me. He was well dressed and did not look like a desperado. I think I would recognize him if I should see him again."

Miss Swan said that it was all over in a minute, and before she could recover from the shock the highwayman had disappeared down the street. Her whole attention was needed for Mrs. De Bary, who was in a fainting condition when removed to the stoop of No. 514 Fifth avenue. The gentleman who occupies the premises, Mr. Augustus L. Brown, assisted the afrighted lady into his parlor, where restoratives were applied. Mr. Brown conveyed Mrs. De Bary home in his carriage when she had recovered from the force of the first shock to her nervous system.

POLICE THEORIES.

Captain Mount, of the Nineteenth precinct, stated

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POLICE THEORIES.

Captain Mount, of the Nineteenth precinct, stated yesterday that he didn't believe the Fifth avenue footpad was a professional burglar, but some poor devil driven to desperation, who could not withstand the emptation to steal the diamonds. "If, however," said Captain Mount "he was a professional, then there is precious little chance of recovering the diamond, as it will probably be removed from its setting and disposed of to some pawnbroker. "The papers," said the Captain, "do my precinet great injustice. This highwayman was seen to come from the west side of the city, from the direction of the Twenty-minth precinet. The officer who is detailed on that post has three and a half miles to cover. His beat extends from Thirty-ninth street to Fitty-first street and the cross streets to Madison avenue. It is impossible for one man to cover that distance and be on hand at every point where an outrage or a disturbance occurs."

on hand at every point where an outrage or a dis-turbance occurs."

Special detectives were placed on the case yester-day and all the available resources of the Police De-partment will be brought into requisition to appre-iend the criminal. Miss Swan, who inspected the Rogues' Gallery, singled out the photographs of two noted criminals, labelled Nos. 864 and 1,202, both of which she claimed resembled the Fifth avenue highwayman. These photo-graphs represent respectively Thomas Ward and Adolph Waitanch. The former has served a term in State Prison, and was last arrested after smashing the window of a downtown jewelry store and stealing five or six valuable gold watches. Waitanch, alias "The Greek," was arrested for forgery. He is not likely, it is said, to be the man the police want in the present case.

EXPERT YOUNG THIEVES.

BROUGHT TO GRIEF AFTER LONG AND SUCCESS-FUL PRACTICES-HOW THEY CARRIED ON

Seventh avenue; James E. Topping, seventeen years of age, of No. 189 Tenth avenue, and John J. Fischer, nineteen years of age, of No. 347 Seventh avenue, are now in the Tombs awaiting sentence in the General on intely.

Q. Do you know what a will is? A. I suppose it's a legal document drawn up after discussion.

Q. What is a power of attorney?

This brought Mr. Marsh to his feet, and before long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that the long it was evident the "winger in the force" in the long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that this was what one of the long it was evident that this was what a will is?

A. I suppose it's sessions, where they pleaded guilty a short time since to a charge of stealing and pawning thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry. Lederman was employed by Kossuth, Marx & Co., wholesale recommended by his uncle, a large wholesale dealer in jewelry. He had the handling of many valuable pieces of jewelry and access to eight large safes. He received a salary of \$5, and the very night before his

in jewelry. He had the handling of many valuable pieces of jewelry and access to eight large safes. He received a salary of \$5, and the very night before his arrest was entrusted with a large sum of money. Detective Price, a week ago Friday, heard that a number of boys were in the habit of visiting a certain pawn shop and disposed of gold rings and other jewelry. He waited outside and arrested Topping as he came out. The boy told Price that Ledermanilywas waiting around the corner. The two boys were taken to the station house. A short time after Fischer entered the same shop and offered a gold ring to pawn. The detective arrested him that night in his house. The boys made a clean breast of their offences and added that Louis J. Piatti, fifteen years of age, of No. 351 Seventh avenue, clerk of Counsellor Hemming, of No. 5 Wall street, and Charles W. Seaman, seventeen years of age, of No. 55 Sullivan street, had helped them in their work. Platti's employer was in Europe last summer and the young clerk had the office all to himself. He and Ledeman were acquaintances, and the latter claims that he turned his stolen goods over to the young Italian.

EMPOYING A CLERK.

Seaman was an American District Telegraph boy, with a salary of \$3.50 a week, and gladly agreed to Platti's proposition that he should become a clerk with him and Lederman at \$4 a week. On the 2d of last August Seaman met Ledeman at the corner of William and Nassau streets. Together they went to Platti's place at No. 5 Wall street. Platti and Seaman then left the office together, and the latter was given a number of gold rings, pins, and other jewelry valued at \$55, which he pawned at a Chatham street broker's for \$12. This Platti divided with Lederman, and the performance was repeated daily until the middle of last September, when Seaman declared that he would not act as their clerk any more. It seems that he had by this time become convinced that the jewelry was stolen. The losses to Marx & Co. aggregated over \$4.000.

Seaman and Platti were arraigne

MME. BERGER'S BAIL.

The Chambers of the Supreme Court were densely packed yesterday morning by a motley crowd of men and women, attracted there by the expectation that new and important developments would be made in the matter of the writs of habeas corpus and certiorari sued out by Mr. William F. Howe, counsel of Mrs. Bertha Berger, charged with having caused by malpractice the death of Cora Sammis. The prisoner was in charge of the Deputy Warden of the Tombs, and before her case was reached seemed much agi-tated and very nervous, and kept up a whispered con-versation with her counsel and a young man said to

ONE HUNDRED AND SIX.

A REMARKABLE OLD MAN

At the left of the door of a shop which occupies the

Still Able to Dance and Sing and Attend to His Regular Duties.

first floor of a four story brick tenement at No. 126 Mott street is the entrance to a narrow blind alley, which leads almost to the foot of a rickety flight of stairs in the back yard. These stairs are of the second floor of which they ascend. A piazza runs along the face of the building, midway beeen the ground and the roof, and s door and two windows look in upon a room of small dimensions, meanly furnished and apparently but little cared for. It was here that a reporter of the HERALD, entering from a pouring rain one night last week, found old Barney Doran just finishing his supper The centenarian, when told that the intelligence of his extreme old age had led to the reporter's visit, received his guest cordially and readily submitted the ordeal of an interview. He is of less than average height, slender and bowed in form, but his blue eyes, though faded, are not cull, and his face, though somewhat wrinkled is by no means withered. Moreover, the crown of his head is covered with a shock of hair which time has whitened but not thinned. And exemption from baldness, though it may seem a trifling matter, is one of the blessings for which Barney feels most heartily thankful. A bald head he despises. "Not a hair," he exclaimed, with pardonable pride, "has ever moved from the top o' me forehead." But there is one thing which displeases him as much as the ab-sence of hair on the head, and that is its presence on the face. His own has always been kept as smooth as the palm of his hand, and when one of his grand sons, on coming of age, attempted to raise a mus-tache he had a very narrow escape from the old

YOUTHFUL TRAVELS.

"I am told that you are over a hundred years old, Mr. Doran," said the reporter, drawing his chair near to that of his benignant host. "Is that a fact?"

But the old gentleman is a little hard of hearing, and the question had to be repeated. Then he replied, in a voice from which the vigor of his youth and the accent of his native land have not departed, "Ay, that I am, 106 years old this winter."

"And may I ask where and when you were born?" "In the county Tyrone, sure, and there I lived for many a year. The date is in the Bible, up to me brother's, in Norfolk strate."

"Did you ever live anywhere but in Ireland before

coming to this country?"
"That I did. There was me and anither young feller as used to hang about the harbors, and one day the two of us made up our moinds ter leave, and we did. For a bit o' seven year I made me way in England and Scotland, a workin' about from place to place. There was Dover and London, and Manchester and Liverpool, and Leeds and Newcastleon-Tyne and a plenty more, all good cities for work, but Newcastle the best o' the lot. Thim was the days for the workin' man. Wages was good and livin' cheap. Why yer cud buy a loaf o' bread, too big to get yer arm around it, for thripence, and twenty-four ounces of cheese for half as much. twenty-four ounces of cheese for half as much. Then, when I was tired of England, I made me way ter Scotland, and there I saw the King's brother, but I don't moind his name. One noight a party of us coom to Anneck and they wouldn't tak us in. But be good luck I had me recommend wi' me from Sir John Stuart, a Parliament man, and I sent it oup to the castle, and down they coom and took up all of us an'giv us a good nigut's lodgin'. But Scotland wasn't me home and back I went, and I wasn't long in Ireland afore I took a woif. That moost have been when I was twinty-foive or six year old; in '99 it was. Well, after I'd lived on the farm aboot forty year or more I sold everything and com to Ameriky. There was me woif and eight children in the party, me oother daughter havin' marrit a man named McKean and settiit in St. Louis."

NOT TOO OLD TO WORK.

"How old were you when you came to America?" 'Well, it was the year '38, and they all sed I was too old to work any moor. But I proved the loy on thim, for the year I landed I helped ter lay the water poipes in Broadway. Then, after that, I had a job in a coal yard, and one hot soomer day we was all a fillin' the wagons; the sun was enoof ter raise a blister on a man's hat, and the poor divils were takin' a bit o' grog to keep the heat out o' them. Well, betwain the heat and the grog there was eight o' thim lyin' out on the ground wi' the sunstroke, woil I shovelled away till sundown without a drop. Finally I got to be janitor in a school, and have kept on at that, here in this ward, for thirty-foive year. I had three schools to tend at a tome, and seldom the Then, when I was tired of England, I made me way

I got to be famitor in a school, and have kept on at that, here in this ward, for thirty-folve year. I had three schools to tend at a toime, and seldom the neight I slept after three o'clock. They didn't have derricks then to raise the coal, and I had to carry it ail up stairs besides spititin' the wood. But now I've one school and it's easier work."

When asked about the sanitary condition of his charge, Barney pronounced it the best heated school "in the State of Ameriky," and said that not a single child had met with an accident during the term of his jamitorship. He slae spoke of a recent attempt in the Board of Acaston to have certain public schools an ischevous proposition. Ever since Barney came to this city, forty-one years ago, he has occupied the same humble apartments, now in the rear of No. 126 Mott street, but then standing almost alone in that neighborhood. He built a shanty for his brother in the vicinity of what is now Eleventh street, and says that he could then stand on a little hill there and look in all directions without seeing another house. Those were golden times, for the brother for whom he had provided a home could go through the streets and collect "enough swill for forty hops," which was in fact more than ne needed. Even in those days Barney was well known to the Irish population of this city, and lotters from the "old country" were generally distributed from his house, so that his yard, as his grandson says, was always filled after the arrival of a mail steamer with "a crowd of Mickies wi' their little hats and shillelahs."

Barney has hardly ever known what it is to be sick, and, consequently, throws playsic to the dogs. He once, when a gay young man, caught cold from dancing till overheated and then sitting in a cold draught. The village decetor told him he had consumption and would never tread green grass again. "Green grass, is it?" exclaimed Barney: "Indeed, but I'll tread green grass and withered, too, when every doctor in the land is rotten in his grave." A French surgeon who versation with her counsel and a young man said to be her son-in-law.

Mr. Howe made a lengthy argument, in which he stated that he was not at this stage justified in asking for the discharge of his client, but would be content to call the attention of the Court to the fact that in his opinion the bail was fixed at too large a sum. It is claimed by Mrs. Berger, said the counsel, that Cosgrove, the seducer of Cora Sammis, employed Dr. Whitehead and paid him \$100 to produce the abortion on Cora Sammis, and then that Dr. Whitehead and paid him \$100 to produce the abortion on Cora Sammis, and then that Dr. Whitehead, to shield himself from the consequences of his crime, sent his dying victim to the house of Mrs. Berger, the prisoner.

Assistant District Attorney Leary said the papers disclosed a clear case against Mrs. Berger, and her conviction was sure and inevitable.

Judge Donohue took the papers, and will give his decision on Monday.

was too much for him, and going oack to his house alone, he thought a smoke might mend matters. So he filled a pipe and sat down on a stool in the kitchen and puffed away like a good fellow for five or six minutes. But what with the combined effects of liquor and smoke the stool lost its equilibrium and Barney fell at full length on his back, in which position he was found by the family on their return. Since then he has never lifted a glass or a pipe to his lips. "There's many a poor divit dies dissolute in the gutter from puttin' his hand to his mouth too often." he says. He drinks tea and coffee, and occasionally a little water with sugar in it. His usual hour for retiring is twelve o'clock, and he never sleeps late in the morning. At half-past ten he walks to the school and sweeps the yard or does some other light work, his son, a man of sixty, relieving him of the drudgery. Then at half-past one or so he walks to the corner of Broadway and Howard street, where the grandson before mentioned stands with his truck. From there he makes his way to Norfolk street, where one of his sons keeps house, and thence returns to his own fireside. All his peregrinations are made on foot, for once, when he rode in a horse car, he feil asleep and was carried two miles beyond his destination. It is rarely that he spends an entire evening within doors taking advantage of the opportunity to call on his friends. Every Sunday he dresses up in a spotless white shirt and big black stock and makes the round of his acquaintances. Last New Year's he made seven calls in his grandson's company and others on his own account.

Barney is anxious to live longer than a woman who.

quaintances. Last New Year's he made seven calls in his grandson's company and others on his own account.

Barney is anxious to live longer than a woman who some twenty years ago, used to go round to the school house and entertain him with accounts of old New York, when she had been able to stand on a hill where is now the Centre Market and watch the vessels sailing up the harbor. She was then, he says, upward of 107 years old, and lived a short time after. When asked how much longer he expected to live, Barney's brow wrinkled, and he muttered something about his cough. He charishes the remembrance of his native place, but has no desire to return to it. "All the ould folks is dead," he says, "and the young ones wouldn't know me. Betwain death and Ameriky there's none o' the name left to own the buryin' ground." While on the subject of death the old man declared that "he'd never let them stretch him out on the ice" after he died. "There never used to be such a thing as an lee box at \$9 or \$10; it's a dodge to make money, and they won't make it out of me." Some time after he took his present lodgings the ownership of the property was transferred to the hands of a friend, to whom Barney advanced the money for the purchase, on the condition that he should pay no rent till the debt was paid. The agreement was verbal and the debt was paid. The agreement was verbal and the debt was paid. The agreement was verbal and the debt was paid. The agreement was verbal and the move to better quarters, so there he remains, keeping bachelor's hall, his daughter-in-law occasionally cannot see the whole arrangement as a "dammed alamne." His family cannot prevail on him to move to better quarters, so there he remains, keeping bachelor's hall, his daughter-in-law occasionally cannot swear, and when he hears them make use of an oath he reproves them with another.

A BIG FAMILY.

The Dorans are small but numerous. When their

ants to swear, and when he hears them make use of an oath he reproves them with another.

A BIG FAMILY.

The Dorans are small but numerous. When their ancestor came over in 1838 he had with him eight sons and daughters. Patrick, a gray-haired, smoothshaven man of sixty, was present when the reporter called upon his father. His son, a bright boy of eleven, was also in the room. Patrick's sister, Bridget, married a man named McCullum, and had five children, two of whom were killed by falling from the piazza in front of their grandfather's house. Her sister Rosie married a man named McGovern, whose daughter has two sons living—old Barney's only great grandchildren, four others having died. John and James Doran likewise married and have had several children, while Mrs. McKean, of St. Louis, has lost two or three sons and daughters. After the picnic which he attended last year the centenarian's age was published and he felt pretty badly about it. "I can't pass for a young man an' go sparkin' any more," he said.

TWO CENTENARIANS GONE.

In a room of the Home for the Aged, in East Seventieth street, surrounded by the Little Sisters of the Poor, lay yesterday the remains of the oldest inmate, Mrs. Ann McCloskey. She had reached an age rivalling that of the days of the patriarchs, 110 years, and enjoyed remarkable health for one who had en tered upon the second decade of her second century In the same room was the body of another aged inmate, Mrs. Brock, only eight years the junior of Mrs.
McCloskey. Both ladies died on Friday. The eldest
was admited to the institution at its former home in
Thirty-fourth street eight years ago, and won the
affection of all by her quiet, childlike demeanor and
devotion to her kind nurses. A few days ago she wandered into the garden attached to the home, and,
after a long search, was found muttering to herselt and evidently unconscious of her whereabouts.
She told the sisters that she had gone out for a walk
and that a sudden blindness seemed to seize her.
The extreme cold, she said, did not affect her in the
least. She breathed her last without a struggle,
Death laying his cold hand gently on her withered
form. Her mind was clear to the last moment.
Mrs. Brock complained of a slight pain a short
time before her death, but her end was as peaceful as
that of her sister inmate. She was also in full possession of her mental faculties and looked forward
to attaining greater age. She had two daughters, one
of them over seventy years old, who paid her frequent
visits, and corroborated the statement of her having
reached the second year of her second century. The
good sisters mourned over their departed wards, who
had endeared themselves to them by their gentleness
and affection. In the same room was the body of another aged in

MR. ERHARDT'S CHARGES.

MAYOR COOPER INTERROGATES THE COMMIS-SIONER IN RELATION TO HIS ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE POLICE BOARD—THE DOORS GUARDED AND PROMINENT POLITICIANS RE-FUSED ADMITTANCE.

The City Hall presented an animated appearance yesterday afternoon. The fact that Police Commissioner Joel B. Erhardt was to appear before M. Cooper to substantiate his charges against cer tain members of the Police Board served to bring together such a crowd of politicians vestigated the affairs of the department. Among those who visited the hall were ex-Police Commis-

bring together such a crowd of politicians as has not been seen since ex-Mayor Ely investigated the affairs of the department. Among those who visited the hall were ex-Police Commissioner thugh Gardner, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works Hubert O. Thompson, Maurice J. Powers, Mr. Lawrence, the private secretary of Commissioner Sidney P. Nichols, Thomas Costigan, T. C. Ecclesine, Jacob M. Patterson, Jr.; ex-Aldermen Joyce and Pinckney, and Aldermen Mott, Keenan, Shiels, Foster, Phillips, Haughton, Burns, Finek and Strack, All these gentlemen, and many others, were, however, refused admittance to the Mayor's office, His Honor having decided to hold a secret investigation. On Friday evening Mr. Cooper said that the whole proceeding would be public, but apparently changed his mind yesterday morning. The three entrances to the Mayor's office were carefully garded by squads of patrolmen and no one was allowed to go within a radius of ten feet of the room in which the examination was conducted.

OPENING THE PROCEEDINGS.

At precisely two o'clock Commissioner Erhardt entered Mr. Cooper's business office and began to remove his overcoat and gloves. The Mayor, however, waving his hand in the direction of his private sanctum, whispered:—
"Come in here, Mr. Commissioner."
"Oh, I think this room is good enough," responded Mr. Erhardt. "His ince and airy, and will, I think, suit your purpose admirably."
"You had better come into this room," was the Mayor's reply, as he caught the Commissioner by the shoulder and bore him triumphantly away.

After the performance of this feat His Honor returned and sent for Corporation Counsel William C. Whitney. That gentleman soon arrived, and, with Mr. E. T. Davis, a stenographer employed by Mayor Cooper to take down anything that might be uttered by the accusing Commissioner, proceeded to the inner office. The Mayor also retired and the examination of Mr. Erhardt was begun. At the head of a long table sat the Mayor. On his right hand was the stenographer and on his left the Corporation C

MR. GREEN AND MAYOR COOPER,

Ex-Comptroller Andrew H. Green did not visit-Mayor Cooper yesterday. It is said he knew His Honor would be engaged in investigating Commis-sioner Erhardt's charges against members of the Police Board and considerately kept away from the executive headquarters. To-morrow, it is stated, will see the ex-Comptroller next the Mayor.